

# NEWS AND COMMENT IN THE WORLD OF ART

**P**ATRIOTIC posters made by pupils of the high schools of Greater New York will be on view at the Knoedler Galleries until next Sunday. The School Art League, at the suggestion of Mrs. Laurence Oppenheim, offered prizes in each high school and a gold medal for the best of the prize winners. The competition was arranged by Dr. James P. Haney, director of art in the high schools. Fifteen schools competed for the prizes, which consisted of \$5 in gold, a silver medal and a bronze medal for each school. From twenty to fifty posters were made in each of the fifteen schools—the work being done out of school hours and without the assistance of class teachers.

The prize winning posters were hung for a few days at Washington Irving High School. Here the final award of a gold medal was made by a jury of which Edwin H. Blashfield, president of the Mural Painters, acted as chairman.

"Do Your Bit," a charming design made by Abbie Dollin of Erasmus Hall High School, received the gold medal. It shows a small boy leaning over a flower pot where a diminutive plant is just sprouting. The silver medal was won by Thomas Beggs of Manual Training High School and the bronze medal was given to Andrew E. Buzzell of De Witt Clinton High School.

The exhibition is interesting not alone for its technical excellence, but also for the deep feeling of patriotism expressed by these young people. There is a possibility that some of the designs may be used by the American Red Cross, the Home Garden Association, the Thrift Society and other organizations.

New York knows its Provincetown Players but not its graphic art so well. This summer's exhibition of the work of the Provincetown group is the third and will be visible until September.

The exhibition contains oil paintings, watercolors, etchings, wood block prints and sculpture. It opens in the afternoon, Sunday, included. The officers of the Provincetown Art Association are: President, William H. Young; vice-presidents, Charles W. Hawthorne, William F. Halsall and E. Ambrose Webster; acting vice-president, Mrs. Eugene W. Watson; treasurer, Mrs. William H. Young; recording secretary, Miss Nina S. Williams; corresponding secretary, Moses N. Gifford; director, H. N. Campbell.

The total number of exhibits is 163. The members of the jury were Charles W. Hawthorne, E. Ambrose Webster, George Elmer Browne, W. F. Halsall, George Senesby, Nancy Ferguson, Ada Gilmore, Clara Greenwood, Laurence Grant, Marion C. Hawthorne, Alice Hirsch, Lester G. Hornby, Alice Heath, Louise Hester, Elizabeth H. Howland, Mary B. Jones, Stella Johnson, Mary

entitled "Snow." Mr. Browne shows his "Harbor," "Sottomarina," and "Moonlight," both brilliant performances. By Mr. Nordfeldt are a "Yellow Street" and the "Yellow House," both somewhat in the primitive style and of the amusing order. Oliver N. Chaffee holds the place of honor in the modernist section with a group of five landscapes in which pine trees, and dunes, warm tinted clouds and blue skies are combined in a sort of decorative pattern that is not without a certain charm.

Mary H. Tannehill's picture of "Provincetown" is described as a Gothic little fantasy in tempera. On the shore, lapped by lapis-lazuli waves, seven tawny nude figures are portrayed in varying attitudes of pastoral innocence. Back from the strand are funny little toy houses, including a meeting house on a hill, over beyond which, seen in violation of all laws of perspective, is the deep blue sea about Peaked Hill Bars. In this busy composition Mr. Coburn finds something of the charm of a fourteenth century tapestry.

Other pictures to be mentioned include a child portrait entitled "Francis," by Catherine Critcher; Jeanie

ter Harbor," a drawing of a child by Ethel Blanchard Colver, and Henrietta Dunn Mearns' "Sunny Lane" and "The Old Homestead, Vermont."

There is an interesting exhibit of etchings, wood block prints, and George Senesby shows two of his recent etchings in color, "The Rising Moon" and "The Big Cloud." Frederick H. Marvin exhibits three interesting Venetian plates. Ethel Mars shows two delightfully original and quaint wood block prints of "Conan Street" and "Rover." In the way of sculpture Frederick Burt exhibits his "Alajo" in colored plaster, and Mary McIlwaine Ryerson shows a bronze relief and a door knocker.

Among the other exhibitors may be mentioned Maud Ainslee, Alexander Altenburg, Constance Bigelow, Henry R. Beekman, Joseph P. Birren, Harold P. Brine, May C. Chaffee, Sidney M. Chase, Marie Louise Chauvelot, Grace Churton, Josephine Cochran, Wendell W. Chase, Ida M. Curtis, John R. Frazier, Nancy Ferguson, Ada Gilmore, Clara Greenwood, Laurence Grant, Marion C. Hawthorne, Alice Hirsch, Lester G. Hornby, Alice Heath, Louise Hester, Elizabeth H. Howland, Mary B. Jones, Stella Johnson, Mary



"Jock" Whitney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Payne Whitney. A portrait by Ernest Haskell.

Gallup Mottet's "Vacation Time," C. Arnold Slade's "Horace," Frank Deane's "Charlotte," Tod Lindenmuth's "Road to the Dunes," W. F. Halsall's "In Pacific Seas," Colin A. Scott's "Holyoke Range," Henry Davaport's "Waterfront," Vernon Ellis's "At Santa Barbara," and "The Canadian Rockies," Oscar Sieberich's "White Houses," "June Morning," and "Spring," Charles A. Allen's "Solitude" and two portraits in watercolor, Alice Worthington Ball's "Provincetown Slip," E. J. Byrd's "Gloucester Harbor," a drawing of a child by Ethel Blanchard Colver, and Henrietta Dunn Mearns' "Sunny Lane" and "The Old Homestead, Vermont."

Not content with bombarding the Independent Society from long range

as a corporation the *Soul* takes a few shots with a rifle at individuals whose heads inadvertently protruded above the independent trenches. Some of the remarks are complimentary, some are mildly respectful and some are not at all respectful.

The artists who come off best in this review are Signac, Derain, Viaminck, Brenner, Gris and Max Weber; Weber and Brenner being the only Americans in this class. Artists with whom the *Soul* intellectually flirts are Braque, Picasso, Halpert, Walkowitz, Delaunay, Demuth and Forbes. Those that get cut up roughly—without anesthetics, be it understood—are Brancusi, John Marin, Picabia and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

A few typical dissections follow:

**"Braque."** It would take volumes to tell what that means and a Frenchman to tell us. Braque was born with art in his veins and his two canvases show it. The "Flashes" is a much finer thing than either of the Picassos; the qualities are more directly based on taste and there is a sense of the exquisite at work. "Picasso," on the other hand, has greater economy. Of the two in this exhibition I prefer Braque. Picasso has often exhibited more taste and a greater number of qualities, perhaps, than Braque, but I feel they are mostly assimilated, while Braque's sense of me to be mostly his own. Picasso is an eclectic with a marvellous economy; Braque is a man of knowledge and taste—he's French.

"Neither of them has yet found his form and in the search Braque has been led to use some of Picasso's methods, and this has given him a reputation far below that which he deserves."

**"Brancusi."** With Brancusi's shining example of bulky mystification, made up of theoretical substitutes and deceptions and fitted into pretences and fraternal conceits, the superlative degree of aesthetic snobbery has almost been reached.

"Aside from that, however, it is quite as harmless as 'The Masked Marvel,' 'The Laughing Mask' and 'The Iron Mask,' no more curious than the Barnum freaks, and useful, to some extent, in the classification of neurotic artists."

"It was neither a creative impulse, a love for the material nor a keenness for its adaptability which led Brancusi to use brass, for his skill and painstaking polishing of the surface robs it of all but one of its qualities and places it in the more adaptable category of glass, and produces, I think, an oddity of old means rather than an invention of the much sought after new."

"This portrait is not the result of feeling, but rather of a deliberate attempt to do something 'different,' and in the manner of the big and the great, but in the spirit of the short haired lady and the long haired man, Brancusi 'reacts' from cubism and worked his problem in spheres. He curved the proportion of a portion of a female figure, and forcing it into mechanical adjustment to the ministering academicisms of 'direction,' 'intersection' and 'continuity,' infallible as the vibration of red and green, obtained an oddity which is scarcely older than the oddity of an odd sock. Herrmann and Heller made art out of a trick, but this one is without magic. Its hollow shape has the structure of an oyster, and its lines and planes, beginning nowhere and ending nowhere, slip slide in and out in oval monotony, interrupted only by the two fins placed like Whistler placed his butterflies."

**"Demuth."** There is a little bit of linear by-

product in Demuth's attempts to be peculiar.

**"Derain."** Derain is both the prophet and the some fun out of his man at the cafe. There's an alertness about the upright dandy and the funny way he sits and a rakish movement to the exceptionally lively head. The wrinkled shirt and collar are all mused up and there's a nervous impatience to the gesture of the arm. There's a lazy roll of the left leg over the right and a smile in each shoe. In fact the whole picture radiates a pleasure in his keen observation and a delight in the way he treated it. And this by a preponderance of black!

"I don't know another picture of our day with as much black without being black. Here's a mystery that can be seen. Relieved here and there and by just the right value, it is a masterly handling of the most difficult color."

"The right hand is poorly done and the drawing is not as good as in his later work, but the design is unique."

"If modern art is anything it is a delving into ordered form; form in its elements and combinations and their design. Many 'new movements' have been started to find, or claiming to have found, the secret of design. We have had Cubism, Futurism, Orphism, Futurism, Synchronism, Vorticism and even Ismism, but none of them, I think, have developed a more distinctive design than this one by Gris."

"It is a radiation rather than a contraction with which our 'progressives' are so much occupied, and although fairly well contained within the limits of the canvas, both by the placing of its parts and their inward sequence, it seems to radiate out and beyond by a counter sequence and develops a remarkable sense of space."

"I have seen Gris's work in a living room and his lines and planes seemed to link themselves to the chairs and tables, the books, the sofa cushions, the rugs, etc., and assemble them all into one design."

"He has gone further, I think, than any other modern in the development of painting in its relation to modern interior decoration."

**"Halpert."** In contradiction to the Walkowitz, Halpert has aimed well within his limits and there is apparent a steady sequence from the groundwork of the academy to a point somewhere abreast of an appreciation of Cezanne. I don't like the color, as true as it may be, and I think the texture is monotonous, but it has qualities and degrees of drawing and design which seem to be on the way to still better things."

**"Hartley."** The deficiencies in this picture are, I think, about the only things that have not been done innumerable times before, yet I believe it is about as good as it could be under the circumstances. Hartley's serious attempts to invent something of real personal value are

defeated, I think, by his efforts to be something he is not, and because his means is made up of borrowed material and an experimental speculation rather than feeling.

"When a man tries to be something he must be trying to be something he is not or if he is trying to be himself he must have been led astray."

**"Marin."** The man who made this could never carry the flag into Germany; he'd get tired. It requires no severe training to do this or no sustained

"This seems like going a long way to find fault, but it tends to show, I think, to what extent of perfection Picasso's economy of means usually develops, and aside from a certain cardboard texture this portrait, with its simple and refined color, worked out in simple planes distributed in a series of lighted spaces, develops a grace, a breadth and almost a stillness."

**"Picabia."** I really don't believe Picabia means it; not that I believe in his knowledge



Recent portrait, by Ernest Haskell, of Joan Whitney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Payne Whitney.

effort. What Marin got from the Water Gap would never survive a windstorm. He says of his pictures, "They are the products of a seeker or a finder, or of a man who neither seeks or finds, which is indicative, I think, of a weak kneed conviction."

**"Picasso."** This is one of Picasso's talented space filling studies in one of his various manners. Although the vertical line between the head and the right edge of the canvas helps to connect the head with the lower parts by intersecting with the upper edge of the canvas and by continuing the vertical line of the lower left of the picture, and although this same line seems to help the structure by its relation to the three vertical lines in the lower left, and although it helps the depth a bit by suggesting a plane in back of the shoulder and in front of the background, it interferes with the relation of the head to the rest of the picture and with the movement which this relation would help, if the line in question were removed, making that space the largest in the picture.

**"Walkowitz."** One of the best things in the exhibition, with a larger percentage of abstraction and a greater amount of truth than most of the abstractionists. A little overexaggerated perhaps, and a thinness that means nothing, but a charm of color and breezy movement of a very high order.

"I doubt if El Greco could reach the supereminence to which Walkowitz pretends in this picture. To build up between and sustain these common contrasts of light and dark and big and little and make art out of their vulgarity, would take all the strength of a gigantic genius. This thing of reaching the kingdom by rubbing a lamp is a fairy tale."

**"Weber."** This is probably the most successful picture in the exhibition. Successful in the sense that it succeeds al-

most to a finality in accomplishing the thing the painter started out to do. "Mr. Weber saw a woman, seated, standing and moving about in a tent, and decided to combine the movement of the woman and that of the lines and planes of the tent into a design on forms. The still life, especially the fruit, seem to be an afterthought. He chose the seated pose of the woman as one motive because of its own nature it fitted in more readily with the movement of the tent than, for instance, a standing pose, which I am inclined to believe might have had a rarer possibility. For the tent motive he chose its dominant, pyramidal form, which fortunately suggested a flapping movement which seemed to have interested him. Here again I think the choice, although logical, is common and does not show any rarity of vision."

"Granting the motives, however, the design is carried out to the minutest detail. Its elements have been brought together and completely interrelated. They relate, correlate and interrelate. The range from the simple to the complex forms, and from the simple to the compound colors, is wide and well sustained and the movement up and down and in and out and across progresses by a series of oppositional directions in a varied regularity and is brought to a reasonable standard."

"The picture is built up by a great number of successful variations which seem to have been worked out from an opposite to its modification into the related and deliberately unexpected variation needed to carry on the movement."

"All this has been done to a completeness and pushed to an extremity, stopping only at the full capacity of the canvas and an unfinished quality of detail, which, in view of the completeness of the rest of the design, seems deliberate and for the sake of simplicity, and shows that it could have been carried still further."

"This completeness of accomplishment seems to have been the thing aimed at, and it is successful, even to the point of undue emphasis."

In the Bulletin of the Municipal Art Society, just issued, the following reference to the embellishment of the New York Public Library occurs:

"The recent decoration of the front of the Public Library gave us a demonstration, as unexpected as complete, of the very thing that the architecture of the library needs to give it scale and to bring it into the urban landscape. What the cynical lions, the vicious decorative figures and the crowded pediments have not succeeded in doing was done in an hour by the placing of bay trees at the porch and upon the library terrace."

"No phenomenon has been more extraordinary than the transformation which these decorative elements wrought upon the building. Most remarkable was their removal at the close of the celebration. The sculpture itself might have been better spared. To the New Yorker whose aesthetics are gauged by dollars it does not seem possible that things costing so little could exert so great an influence. Yet led by the attraction of these trees, the least observant person could grasp the impressive size and scale of the library, and even such a one must have been insensibly moved to a renewed interest and appreciation of the color, composition and fine detail of the building."

"Heretofore the humanizing embellishment, the white front has seemed to sink back into its architectural detachment. When a time more suitable to the consideration of the city's work of art succeeds this period of stress it is to be hoped that this form of embellishment may be required to the library and developed for other monumental buildings throughout the city."

## CAT LOVERS STILL MOURNING UNTIMELY DEATH OF KING WINTER, LONG CHAMPION

By ELEANOR BOOTH SIMMONS.

**A** CAT may look at a king, says the old proverb, but neither cat nor cat lovers can ever look again at that wonderful cat who was truly monarch of his kind, beautiful King Winter, Carroll Macy's pride and pet, champion while he lived of the catdom of the world. It is several months now since Winter went away into the Great Unknown, but I remember well the last time I saw the big fluffy fellow sitting in his cage de luxe at the Silver Show at the Hotel McAlpin, exclusive, dignified, remote, looking as far removed from the furtive alley cat I had just seen snatching a precarious bone from a garbage can back of the hotel as an emperor on his throne (in the days when thrones were safer than a hobo on a bench) City Hall Park.

"He's grand to see, but he can't be capable of affection," said the crowds when neither chirrups nor cooing words won so much as a turn of his lion head or a single glance from the eyes that seemed to be gazing far away into a world far back to what he loved his mistress at any rate.

But barring devotion to Miss Macy and three or four favored friends King Winter was certainly the epitome of haughty exclusiveness, though haughtiness is scarcely the word, for it was conscious of his pack, for you weren't of his set he simply didn't see you, that was all. I often thought that people of the nouveau riche who wished their children to attain le grande air should have engaged King Winter as a tutor. All of which is simply saying that Winter, that magnificent Persian hawk back to what cats were in the far distant days when they were worshipped by the kings and the populace of Egypt; to what they were meant to be, the proudest and the most individual of animals.

**Have Fallen on Evil Days.**

Cats, take it all in all, have fallen upon evil days. We have brought down from the past the worship of Mammon, but not the worship of cats. On the contrary, they have been relegated to the lowest point in one's estimation. I have seen many a cat, really so dignified in its instincts—its serene majesty as it sits in its cushioned chair, its paw on its knee, its eyes on its mistress, and if, as is

generally the case, it must fend for itself, then to the garbage can! So it is that centuries of poverty and ill luck and lack of notice—for under all its natural independence and aloofness the cat is really affectionate—centuries spent as the lehmalle of the world have made of the cat a beggar. See that old mangy fellow lurking behind the barrel at the corner; once overcome his fear of the human race, the cat is so ready to throw a stone and cry "cat!" and he will cuddle his poor moth-eaten head as ingratiatingly as any homeless cur, thankful for a pat or a kind word.

There are two conditions under which the cat can attain his original stature. One is the freedom he wins by fighting for his rights under healthful conditions, the other a wise and loving ownership which grants freedom. Mary Wilkins Freeman painted the first sort in one of her inimitable short stories, the story of the cat which, set adrift in the forest, attaching itself to a lonely hermit in his cabin, became a mighty hunter and not only provided for itself but shared its prey with its human friend when he couldn't hunt himself.

**No Pampered Pet.** King Winter lived in the other condition. Loved and cherished though he was, he was no pampered pet of a foolish woman, stifled in his natural instincts, like the poor little rich cats and poodles—not to mention children!—in the gilded apartments of New York. It is true that when he travelled luxuriously, in the drawing room of a Pullman, as he behaved a cat the least of whose sons and daughters won "frats" in every show they graced. It is true that when he tarried for a brief space in New York he took rooms in one of the most exclusive of the smaller hotels. But at his home, Fallulah, Ash Point, Knox county, Me., King Winter had a regular hunting lodge, its limits defined only by the merciful wire fence which kept him from straying too far and becoming the prey of thieves and foxes. It was a wonderful life.

Left to himself, King Winter was a cat of the forest, attaching himself to a lonely hermit in his cabin, became a mighty hunter and not only provided for itself but shared its prey with its human friend when he couldn't hunt himself.

**Never Left Unattended.**

King Winter, not alone because of his great value but because Miss Macy loved him, was never left unattended at a show. Always some one watched beside the cage. True, he never came to the front of the cage to make friends with visitors, as do less haughty cats, but poison can be thrown far back in a cage. It seems incredible that any one could have wished to kill a "harmless necessary cat" so beautiful as King Winter; but the penalty of wearing a crown was his. Many of those who had more than one stab at him, and once, when his attendant's vigilance relaxed for a moment, nearly got him. On the green broadside that lined his cage a boy threw some pink green, probably

chairs and in closets. Or is it that cats have a sixth sense, as some cat lovers declare, and can see things we humans are blind to? Is that the explanation when they sit motionless, sometimes, at twilight, their big eyes fixed unwaveringly on a corner where you can discern nothing but dimness? Well, anyhow, happy the cat that can chase whatever he sees or thinks he sees in a free yet sheltered spot out of doors, not in a New York flat. And so King Winter, in his wooded range opening from a steam heated residence where he could nap at ease, was a fortunate cat. Alas! that this very arrangement should have been in a manner the occasion of his death—for it was in going from his rooms for a mouthful of fresh air one bitter cold day that the King met the chill which resulted in congestion of the lungs and death from heart failure almost before Miss Macy could realize that there was anything amiss with her friend and pet.

Only a few weeks before that Winter had come home from the Silver Show in Boston, where, strong and well for all his close upon eleven years, he held court for the last time of all the many times he had been the "feature" of a feline exhibition. In his spacious cage in the centre of the room he sat, surrounded by the scores of trophies he had captured—gold cups, blue ribbons, medals; for King Winter was a mighty hunter of birds and chicks he was a mighty hunter of cat show trophies. Two huge trunks, specially constructed for the purpose, carried these cups and medals to Philadelphia or Boston, New York or Chicago, wherever the King happened to be going to compete for fresh honors, or, as in the case of his last show, not to be entered but just to see and be seen by his friends.

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Epitome of Haughtiness, Famous Feline Had Three Hundred Ribbons, Twenty Cups and Many Trophies to His Credit, While Offspring Go on Winning

him. On one of the coldest days a little old lady in black touched the attendant's arm. She had come a long way, she said, to see the kitties—she loved kitties—and King Winter was so beautiful; mightn't she just touch him? The attendant explained that for fear of carrying some infection to



Even a champion cat, King Winter, liked to climb a tree.

big fellow from his cage, groomed his silver fluff, took out the linings of the cage and burned them. Unfortunately in the excitement the would-be assassin tripped and was never brought to justice.

Never was the monarch in finer coat than he was on this, his last public appearance. "There'll never be another King Winter," said the crowds that lined the open space in front of

her three kittens to New York. No one knows just what ill chance befell the hapless family—perhaps the baggage car men neglected to follow the directions on the crate and didn't feed them; perhaps they were held up on the road. However it was when they finally were delivered they were in a pitiable state, one kid dead, the others dying, the little mother not able to stand from starvation and thirst. Think of the suffering thus put upon these helpless creatures, which, since we humans breed them for our pleasure or amusement, at least deserve a square deal from us.

**"Only a Cat," Cruel Words.** "Only a cat" is a phrase often upon the lips of the heartless and unthinking, but a cat is a bundle of fur with a certain capacity for suffering in the network of nerves under the soft fur. "I don't like cats, but I do like a good dog," is another thing one often hears. Why isn't it possible to like both cats and dogs, horses, all dumb creatures in fact have this appeal in common with the babies of the human kind—they can't speak up for themselves, can't tell their troubles, and that is why we can't help loving them and feeling a vast pity for their pain. Why isn't it possible to like both cats and dogs, horses, all dumb creatures in fact have this appeal in common with the babies of the human kind—they can't speak up for themselves, can't tell their troubles, and that is why we can't help loving them and feeling a vast pity for their pain.

There is a theory always rising up to reproach those who own cats or dogs—a theory that if you harbor such an animal you don't love children, that you are a silly, wrong minded individual who would see all the babies in the world die without one grain of sympathy, would steal a child's chocolate creams to feed your useless pampered little four legged brute. But who do people get that notion? For my part I would never put a cat hater or a dog hater at the head of an orphan asylum, for I always distrust such persons as hard hearted, unnatural creatures.

**Some Noted Offspring.** His lovely wife, Champion Mlle. generally to be seen in her cage by the side of his, is also undefeated, and their sons and daughters have carried off prizes galore. Fuzzy Wuzzy, The Viking, Champion Genee Winter, these are a few of their worthy offspring known to cat fanciers. Their dam, Queen of Hearts, was best kitten in the show at Grand Central Palace in 1914. One of their two months old kittens was sold to a woman in California by telegram. "You can have her if you will depute some one to carry her by hand," Miss Macy wired. "Our kittens are never expressed." So the fuzzy morsel was personally conducted across the continent, and afterward was "best cat in show" at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

King Winter, as before said, always travelled in a drawing room compartment with his mistress; or if, as sometimes happened, the unappreciative management refused a permit he journeyed incognito. In a little clog and cap a large cat can pass as a baby very well. I used to know a little dog in Colorado which always did the baby act when taking a little trip to some point over the railroad. The racial was as proud as a girl with her first ball dress when she was togged up in her travelling cloak, but well she knew that she mustn't poke out that black nose of hers when the conductor came around.

Quite apart from King Winter's value in money, any one who has a heart for cats can understand why King Winter, pleaded the little old lady, "I came last year because the newspapers said he would be here, and he wasn't. To-day I came so far through the cold; if I take off my gloves mayn't I just put my hand on his fur?" So she lay off her gloves and had her wish. Hale and well, as he had been

through all his eleven years. King Winter journeyed home from Boston with his 300 ribbons, his twenty odd cups and other trophies. It was not, as was reported, any disease caught at the show that ended his life. It would have been strange indeed if so exalted a show cat as he had fallen victim to one of these affairs. All his life he had been attending them. Way back in 1899 he won a "first open" at the Atlantic City Club show in New York, and from that time on his life was a record of "first opens," "best males," "best cat in show" and similar honors. At the age of nine years he had won "best cat in show" ten times, one for each of his lives and one over.

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There is a theory always rising up to reproach those who own cats or dogs—a theory that if you harbor such an animal you don't love children, that you are a silly, wrong minded individual who would see all the babies in the world die without one grain of sympathy, would steal a child's chocolate creams to feed your useless pampered little four legged brute. But who do people get that notion? For my part I would never put a cat hater or a dog hater at the head of an orphan asylum, for I always distrust such persons as hard hearted, unnatural creatures.

**Some Noted Offspring.** His lovely wife, Champion Mlle. generally to be seen in her cage by the side of his, is also undefeated, and their sons and daughters have carried off prizes galore. Fuzzy Wuzzy, The Viking, Champion Genee Winter, these are a few of their worthy offspring known to cat fanciers. Their dam, Queen of Hearts, was best kitten in the show at Grand Central Palace in 1914. One of their two months old kittens was sold to a woman in California by telegram. "You can have her if you will depute some one to carry her by hand," Miss Macy wired. "Our kittens are never expressed." So the fuzzy morsel was personally conducted across the continent, and afterward was "best cat in show" at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

King Winter, as before said, always travelled in a drawing room compartment with his mistress; or if, as sometimes happened, the unappreciative management refused a permit he journeyed incognito. In a little clog and cap a large cat can pass as a baby very well. I used to know a little dog in Colorado which always did the baby act when taking a little trip to some point over the railroad. The racial was as proud as a girl with her first ball dress when she was togged up in her travelling cloak, but well she knew that she mustn't poke out that black nose of hers when the conductor came around.

Quite apart from King Winter's value in money, any one who has a heart for cats can understand why King Winter, pleaded the little old lady, "I came last year because the newspapers said he would be here, and he wasn't. To-day I came so far through the cold; if I take off my gloves mayn't I just put my hand on his fur?" So she lay off her gloves and had her wish. Hale and well, as he had been

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her three kittens to New York. No one knows just what ill chance befell the hapless family—perhaps the baggage car men neglected to follow the directions on the crate and didn't feed them; perhaps they were held up on the road. However it was when they finally were delivered they were in a pitiable state, one kid dead, the others dying, the little mother not able to stand from starvation and thirst. Think of the suffering thus put upon these helpless creatures, which, since we humans breed them for our pleasure or amusement, at least deserve a square deal from us.

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